

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES.
VOL. XXXIII.

NOVEMBER, 1881.

NEW SERIES.
VOL. X. No. 11



SOUND ASLEEP.

WILLIE SMITH was a poor orphan boy who had no home. After the death of his father and mother he left the city where he had been brought up, and went into the country in search of work. He travelled all day, calling at house after house to see if he could get anything to do, but no one cared to hire him. At last night came on, and poor Willie, tired, and sad, and hungry went into a great barn and lay down on the sweet-smelling hay; soon he was fast asleep,—just as you see in the picture,—and here he slept all night.

In the morning Farmer Jones went to the barn to feed his cattle, and found Willie still asleep. He woke the tired boy, and asked him how he came to be there; Willie told him that his father and mother were dead, that he had no home, and that he wanted to find work. Farmer Jones listened to his story, and then took him into the house and gave him some breakfast. He saw that Willie was a bright, honest boy, so he gave him a chance to work, and agreed to pay him what he could earn. Willie went to work with a glad heart, thankful that he had found a good home and something to do. Here he lived a long time, and was a good and happy boy.

For The Dayspring.

THE CALL OF THE FLOWERS.

BY LOUISE L. BELL.

Drear November bringeth snow.
See the flowers in a row;
"We are very cold!" they said,
"Who will tuck us up in bed?"

Patter, patter from the sky,
To their aid the leaflets fly.
In a shower down they came,
Like the gently falling rain.

Leaflets little blankets make,
For the pretty flowers' sake;
Tuck each tiny one up warm,
Safe from winter's cold and harm.

Drear November bringeth snow.
Children wand'ring to and fro,
Homeless, poor, and sad, they call
For the help of one and all.

Like the leaflets quickly fly,
When these human flowers cry;
Tuck each tiny bud up warm,
Safe from cold and wind and storm.

For The Dayspring.

WINTER'S MESSAGE TO THE CHILDREN.

NOVEMBER has come, bringing its chilly days and nights, and telling us to prepare for the long, cold, and cheerless winter. Not *cheerless* to you, children, who in your bright and pleasant homes, surrounded by friends, and with everything to make you comfortable and happy, are reading the *Dayspring*, but to those poor and friendless children,—orphan and desolate,—with none of these comforts, not knowing where to lay their little heads, or to whom to look for protection,—how cheerless and dreary! As you put on the nice warm c'othing which your kind parents have provided for your comfort and protection, and as you in your happy homes gather about your tables at

your daily meals with father and mother, brothers and sisters, you cannot help thinking of those boys and girls — oh, how many! — without parents or friends, without homes, suffering indeed for want of all those comforts and blessings which you enjoy. Your first thought will be, “I wish that I could help them! What can I do for them?”

Did you ever hear the saying, — “Where there is a will there is a way”? Now, dear children, you all have the will; let me tell you the way. You have the Children’s Mission; that comprises all the machinery for doing the work; it is for you to keep it in motion. By your help year after year, it has provided for these destitute little ones, has furnished them food, clothing, and shelter; has found homes for them, and has watched over them as they have grown up to be good young men and women. It is what you have given that has helped us to do this, and it is your work.

This is the way. Remember to give regularly every week your penny or more, through your Sunday-school or at home. It is easy for you to do this, and if each one in your school does it, only think how much it would help these suffering ones. Do not forget your own gift; remind your playmates of it, and tell them about the Mission and its work for the children; speak to your parents and friends about it; these little ones need their help added to yours, and if you have one of the Children’s Mission mite-boxes, keep it in sight, and remember what it is for. If you do all this *with a will*, and particularly on Thanksgiving Day, Christmas, and New Year’s Day, when your hearts feel very generous and benevolent, you will do a good work for the orphan and destitute, and will find that others will follow your good example.

Another way is to send some article of your own clothing for one of the ragged and half-naked boys or girls, — something that you have worn and outgrown. Would you not feel warmer and more comfortable yourselves to know that your clothing, now useless to you, was making some poor child warm and happy, and telling it that it has at least one kind and loving friend among the children? Some of you have a very pleasant way of giving our children a pleasant surprise. I have seen children, after putting on some garment sent by one of their little friends, fish through the pockets and find a cent or a piece of candy, — some little thing placed there “on the sly,” as is sometimes said, to give some child pleasure. Is it not a pretty idea, and would you not like to try it? Why not talk this over with your young friends, and make up a box or parcel of clothing, each contributing from their store, and send them with their names to the Mission?

These are ways in which you can easily help the Mission and its children, and your help is needed all the time.

Remember that there is a great record kept somewhere, and that every kind deed done to these little ones is sure to return in blessings to the doer.

From your friend,

THE SUPERINTENDENT

Of the Children’s Mission, 277 Tremont St., Boston.

THERE are words which are worth as much as the best action, for they contain the germ of all.

HAVE a care of your temper; for a *passionate boy rides a pony that runs away with him*. Passion has done more mischief in the world than all the poisonous plants that grow in it: therefore again I say, Have a care of your temper.

For The Dayspring.

EDDIE'S ENIGMA.

BY CARLE LIEMER.

"SAY, Lil," exclaimed Eddie Cowton, as he burst into the nursery where his sister and her little friend Julie were playing with their dolls, "I've got a nigger for you."

Lillie was just crossing the room with her oldest daughter to call on her dear friend Mrs. Jule. She was dressed in a skirt twice as long as herself, an old-fashioned bonnet, with a large black lace veil dangling from it, and her auntie's black kid gloves. She threw the veil off her face, and turning round, looked at her brother very severely, as she replied in a patronizing manner, "You mustn't say nigger, Eddie, mamma says that's naughty. You must say colored pusson."

"Ha, ha," laughed Eddie. "That is just like a girl, 'cause you don't know any better. It is not nigger, though, come to think of it, it is 'nigma, and it means a sort of riddle, something to guess."

"Then why didn't you say riddle and not such a big word?"

"Oh, 'cause. But you see if you can guess it. If you do, I'll give it to you," said Eddie, standing with his hands behind his back. "It's a big, round mountain, yellow as gold on one side, and a beautiful red on the other, where the sun shone on it. Inside of this mountain, in the very middle, are a good many cells, instead of houses, that little black people live in, but—"

"May be that is the reason why it is called a 'nigma," interrupted Julie.

"Didn't I tell you that 'nigma means a riddle?" said Eddie, "and besides, these people were white once, when they were babies, I guess, and then grew black afterwards."

"Goodness!" exclaimed Lillie, her eyes

getting big with surprise, "I hope I won't ever get black."

"You! of course you won't. You are different. But guess what it is."

"Is it the jail?" asked Julie. "That has cells in it, and it is red brick on one side, and I think they painted it yellow on the other, but it is not 'actly round, and all the people are not black."

"The jail!" exclaimed Eddie contemptuously. "How could I give you and Lil the jail, I should like to know?"

"How do people get into the mountain?" asked Lillie.

"The best way is to cut into it," said Eddie, laughing, "and then these little black people will tell your fortune, if you want them to, though they can't talk."

"Well!" said Lillie, with an emphatic shake of her head. "That is the queerest riddle I ever heard of, and I can't guess it; but here's mamma, she can."

"It does not require much guessing, little ones," said Mrs. Cowton, with an amused glance at Lillie's toilet. "I have heard some of your conversation, and as Eddie's back was toward me, I saw what he held in his hand, but there is one part Eddie did not tell you. Beneath the skin or surface of this mountain the color is pure white, and watered with a liquid fragrance of heaven's flavoring, but a loathsome worm often gnaws slowly and surely through, making a long black mark to the very centre, just as sin does in the heart."

"That's so," said Eddie. "I did not think of that, but I hope this appl—I mean mountain. Dear me, did you hear what I said then?"

"You were going to say apple," said Julie, "but I don't see how an apple can be a mountain, with black people in it."

"Well, I've let the cat out of the bag,"

said Eddie, holding out a large apple, bright red on one side, and yellow on the other. "Would n't that make a pretty big mountain for a little red ant? You did not guess it, but I'll give it to you just the same; so, mamma, suppose you tell them."

The apple was cut, and the core examined with its cells, — homes for the black seed. "When this apple was green," said Mrs. Cowton, "these seeds, or little people, as Eddie calls them, were white, but they have ripened black; and do you know how they can tell your fortune, without talking?"

"Oh yes, I remember now," said Lillie. "Sister Katie and the big girls count the seeds, and then they say; 'One I love, two I love, three I love I say, four I love with all my heart, and five I cast away,' so Julie and I are going to cast away the very first beau we have, 'cause this has five seeds."

"You can't be very sure of the fortune that these little folk tell," said Mrs. Cowton, smiling, "but there is a lesson to be learned from this black mark;" and she pointed to where a worm had made a very short raid into the apple. "Wherever you see this, my darlings, let it remind you that sin enters the heart almost without your knowing it, and, if it is allowed to stay, will certainly mar its purity with just such black marks. Its work is often slow, but it is sure."

"I don't believe I'll ever eat an apple again without thinking that sin is just like a worm," said Lillie.

"And I won't either," said Eddie, "for I don't want any black marks through my heart."

"I hope Eddie's enigma will teach you all a lesson that you will never forget," said Mrs. Cowton, as she handed each a large yellow banana.

A few minutes after, when mamma and

Eddie had gone away, Mrs. Lil concluded to give a large fruit party. Her oldest daughter was twenty-five, she said, and ought to have a birthday, so little bits of stiff paper were left at the house of Mrs. Jule for herself and numerous family. Every one came, even down to the baby, a little wooden doll about two inches long, and they all sat in a stiff row opposite another long stiff row of Mrs. Lil's children.

The two little mammas tried to tempt the appetites of their respective children, but to no purpose, and finally they had to eat up all the party themselves, they said.

So you see Eddie's enigma proved very enjoyable as well as instructive.

AN INDOMITABLE WILL.

A RESOLUTE will can master circumstances, and make even difficulties contribute to success. Many illustrations of this fact have occurred in our own country, and in Europe also. Dr. Lange, of the University of Bonn, the famous commentator of the Bible, was born and brought up under influences wholly adverse to scholarship. He was the son of a poor peasant, a coal-driver at Elberfeld. To add to the small income of the family, he was made an errand-boy and a carrier of milk.

But there was a fire in his bones which would not be quenched, and drove him to a life of study. He borrowed books, and plunged without a pilot into the mysteries of Latin and Greek. Having entered the Gymnasium at Duisburg, he took rank at once among the best pupils of the school. After completing his studies at the university, he became a pastor, and was subsequently appointed to a professorship. He now holds rank among the first scholars in Germany. — *Selected.*

For The Dayspring.

DOLLIE'S MASQUERADE.

BY LORAINÉ BUCKLIN.

Most dolls lead the same lives. They are born on Christmas, are petted and carefully tended until Valentine time, get fearful knocks before Fourth of July, and are perfect wrecks before another Christmas comes with more to take their place. I know of a doll, however, that has led a strange, eventful life, and is still alive and well after more than forty years of service. The first ten years she lived were spent quietly enough; she belonged to a little girl who took great care of her and when she grew too old to play with dolls put her away in a drawer by herself. What she meant to do with her no one knew, perhaps she did not know herself. All this happened before the great war of the Rebellion. When fathers and brothers went to war, the mothers, wives, and sisters left at home did all they could to help them, and the story of their work is too well known to be repeated. It was at a fair given to help make the poor wounded soldiers comfortable in their hospitals that our Dollie acted her first part and wore her first fancy costume. She was dressed like Maggie in Charles Dickens's story of Little Dorritt, the poor girl whose only happy thought of childhood was the remembrance of days spent in a hospital where there "was lots of chicking. Oh, such an ev'ny place." Dollie's costume was as nearly as possible like the description of Maggie's appearance in the story, "even to the great white cap with a quantity of opaque frilling." In her hand she held a card on which was written, "Remember the sick and wounded," and in a basket near her were ballads which any one could buy for a penny or two. How the pennies

rattled into the box placed to receive them! Many a child and many older persons, touched by the appeal, dropped money into Maggie's box, so at the end of the fair it held a good many dollars for the poor sick soldiers in the army hospitals. From that time Dollie took part in many fairs, for her little mistress had grown to be a woman blessed with a warm heart and hands ready to help in every good work.

She had her face painted black, and, dressed as a cook in a neat calico dress and long white apron, called attention to the articles for sale on her mistress's table at a Sanitary Commission fair. These were all for domestic use and consisted of holders, dish-towels, clothes-pin bags, flat-iron cleaners, and kitchen utensils of every sort. Again, she was dressed as a nurse and rocked a cradle where a baby doll lay sleeping. This was at a Fair given for the soldiers' and sailors' orphans, and again the pennies rattled into the box that Dollie held, for all hearts were touched by the thought of fatherless and helpless children.

The next time she appeared in public was at a fair given for a children's hospital. It was held at Christmas time, and one table had dolls for sale, beautifully dressed in a variety of costumes. The handsomest doll stood in the centre, and was dressed as a famous beauty of Newport in the old Revolutionary times,—the lovely Polly Lawton. Behind her stood our Dollie as the beauty's maid. She, too, wore an old-fashioned dress and had a snow-white turban instead of a cap on her head. You could almost see a twinkle in her bright black eye, and hear her say, "Here I am again helping to do good!"

And now we come to the last time that Dollie went masquerading. Money was needed to provide a home for those whose failing strength forbade them to

work; and to help raise the necessary funds, curious relics of past years, old china, books, dresses, furniture, in fact anything old and interesting, were collected and put in a room on exhibition. It was called "The Old Curiosity Shop," and before its door stood Dollie dressed as little Nell leading her Grandfather home.

The next good thing that Dollie did was in a very different way. In the same street where she lived there was a dear little girl named Mamie. She was very lonely and sad, for her dear mother had died and gone to heaven. When the warm weather came Mamie was going to Vermont to stay with her grandmamma, and she felt more lonely than ever at the thought, for there she would miss her little playmates who went to the same school. Here is work for Dollie to do, thought Dollie's kind mistress; so she was made to look very young and nice by a new head and a new dress, and Mamie's eyes shone with joy when Dollie arrived one morning with a note, asking permission to go to Vermont with her, for she needed change of air. Here was a playmate indeed!—one that never said, "I don't want to," never wanted to stay in doors when asked to go out, and never cried at hard knocks or resented hasty words. Dollie did a good work that summer. She had many a thump, to be sure; her dress got torn and one foot came nearly off, but, as Mamie said in explanation, how could you help it if you went huckleberrying and were chased by a cow, and briars caught the dress as you ran away, and a nail caught the foot as you jumped the fence. Then if Dollie fell out of the tree instead of staying on the branch where she was put, of course she bumped her nose; but what did Dollie or Dollie's mistress care for these mishaps as long as the little lonely heart was helped and forgot for a while that mother

was dead and playmates far away. After two summers spent in this way, Dollie rested quietly in her home for many a month. She was fated, however, to leave her home once more, and this time she went to busy, bustling New York. She was given a new head and new feet, so she was almost as fine as if she was young. She belongs now to a fair-haired, bright-eyed little girl named Lizzie, and her life has to be told over and over again to this eager petitioner for more stories about "my darling *old new* Dollie."

For The Dayspring.

THE ODD GLOVE.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

It is astonishing to see how everything can be turned to good account for some one if there is only a desire to do it. There never was a pair of half-worn shoes that would not fit somebody, and to find out who that somebody is does the giver quite as much good as the gift does the one who receives it. A good man had the misfortune to lose his right hand by an accident. He was kind to the poor, and not a few such have learned to love him for his acts of kindness. Cold weather was coming on, and it was time for him to buy his winter gloves. He usually bought thick buckskin gloves, but this time he was puzzled. Such gloves are expensive. He could not buy one glove, and he had not hands enough for two. What should he do with the right-hand glove? There was a one-armed soldier in ———, and he was thought of just in time to decide the destiny of the useless glove. His left arm had been shot away by a cannon ball. But would the right-hand glove fit him? You should have seen how pleased he was when he pulled it on with his teeth and found

that it did. As the two men stood side by side, you could not have told which was the happier.

The old Romans, when they shook hands, used to speak very beautifully of "joining right hand to right hand." These two men joined right hand to left hand, and there was a new tie that made their hearts one. Every fall after that, the one-armed soldier received the present of a glove for his right hand, and it always fitted him nicely.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

VAN AMBURGH could handle his lions and tigers with impunity. No animal will fail to respond to kindness and uniform good treatment. And especially will the noble horse respect and confide in and faithfully serve a master who deals gently and kindly with him. We have ourselves taken a spirited Morgan mare which had been rudely handled and become entirely unmanageable through harsh treatment, and, by appealing to her intelligence and respecting her needs, in three weeks' time made her entirely safe and reliable for wife and children, and all who would treat her kindly and handle her gently; and we have, after five years, seen the same mare resume her old vicious habits when again under the control of one who resorted to arbitrary or brutal treatment. Always appeal to the better instincts of the horse, the mule, the ox, the cow, as well as the dog and other domestic animals, and they will never become vicious or unmanageable. — *Selected.*

WE should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections, and wrap us up in selfish enjoyment; but we should accustom ourselves to think of the distress of human life.

A GOOD-NATURED BEAR.

IN the valley of Tajarrau, in Siberia, two children, one four and the other six years old, rambled away from their friends, who were hay-making. They had gone from one thicket to another, gathering fruit, laughing and enjoying the fun. At last they came near to a bear lying on the grass, and without the slightest fear went up to him. He looked at them steadily without moving. At length they began playing with him, and mounted upon his back, which he submitted to with perfect good humor. In short, both seemed inclined to be pleased with each other; indeed, the children were delighted with their new play fellow.

The parents, missing the truants, became alarmed, and followed on their track. They were not long in searching the spot, when, to their dismay, they beheld one child sitting on the bear's back and the other feeding him with fruit! They called quickly, when the youngsters ran to their friends, and Bruin, apparently not liking the interruption, went into the forest. — *Atkinson's Siberia.*

THE REVENGE OF A DOG.

A PERSON who was desirous of getting rid of his dog took it along with him on board of a boat, and rowing out into the river Seine, threw it overboard. The poor animal repeatedly struggled to regain the boat, but was as often beaten off, till at length, in his attempts to baffle the efforts of the dog, the man upset the boat and fell into the water. No sooner, however, did the generous brute see his master struggling in the stream, than he forsook the boat, and held him above water, until assistance arrived, and thus saved his life. — *Our Dumb Animals.*



For The Dayspring.

PETER.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.



MULLOA, baby! Want to go to walk with papa?"

Judge Grey set down his coffee-cup, pushed back his plate, and held out his arms to two-year-old Gracie; she sprang into them with a laugh and crow. It was a bright midsummer morning, and the Judge usually went the rounds of his farm before taking the cars for the city.

Pussy picked herself up leisurely from beside his chair, where she had been sitting, regaled now and then with titbits from his plate, arched her back, stretched herself, purred, and trotted after him.

"Bow-wow-wow!"

Jip, the brown spaniel, bounded round the corner of the house, as his master came out, and frisked up to him, wagging his tail, and barking a glad good-morning, sure of a caress and kind word. Then, running on before, he pushed open the garden-gate, and the Judge, with Grace on his arm, walked through the neatly kept paths, culling here a pink rose, there a blue larkspur, then a sprig of white candytuft, for the baby-hands reached out so eagerly. Pussy followed soberly, rubbing herself against her master's boots, and sometimes getting almost underfoot.

In the orchard the robin redbreast and blue-jay and brown thrush were carolling their morning songs among the leafy boughs, and in the soft grass a little ground-bird had built her nest, and laid three wee eggs. Gracie clapped her rosy palms, and cooed with delight, when papa showed her the cosey bird-cradle.

He carried her down the green, shady lane, and stood on the foot-bridge, over a

merry, rippling brook, to let her watch the tiny minnows darting to and fro, their silvery sides glistening in the sunshine.

Just across the brook, in the wide, grass-grown meadow, the cows are feeding. Ah! Mottle raises her head, sees the Judge on the foot-bridge, and forthwith takes up the line of march towards him, followed by Floss and Daisy and Cherry. Is Gracie frightened? Does she cry out, and want to go back? Not a bit of it. She loves the gentle, brown-eyed creatures, and as they come up, one by one, and take the ear of corn the Judge hands out from his great pockets, she leans over and pats their faces, and talks to them in her sweet, cooing tones.

In the fields close by, the laborers were swinging their shining scythes, and the sweet odor of new-mown hay filled the summer air.

The Judge stood by the fence a few moments, watching the busy scene, gave his men directions for the day, and then turned his steps towards the granary. The creak of the door was a signal well known to the flock of hens, black, white, and speckled, that came from every direction, half running, half flying, crowding around him, clucking and chattering, one or two even lighting on his shoulder, as he scattered the yellow corn.

Leaving the "chick-a-bids," as Gracie called them, to pick up their breakfast at their leisure, he crossed the door-yard to a green field, and standing by the fence, gave a low whistle. Bay Billy, feeding in the shade, heard it, lifted his head, pricked up his ears, gave a glad whinny, and trotted straight up the hill to his master, rubbed his head on his shoulder, and began nosing in his pocket, while Gracie smoothed the full, glossy, black mane, cooing her baby-lingo. Two or three sweet apples, a

slice of bread, a lump of sugar, Billy stowed away in double-quick time.

"That's all, good fellow, now be off," said his master, clapping his hands.

Billy tossed his head, shaking his fore-top down over his eyes, whisked his long tail, kicked up merrily, and bounded away across the field.

"Now for the piggies, and then papa must go to the post-office," said the Judge; for the pigs, like the rest, knew and welcomed the kind master who gave them many a potato and yellow ear, and rubbed their backs with a corn-cob. Gracie liked to see the "piggie-wiggies," as she called them, and she was chattering in her merry fashion, when papa stopped, looking much astonished.

"Why, what's to pay now? Where's Peter?"

"Peter the Great" was the largest pig of all, and, Gracie thought, the "know-in'est," a sort of king in the pen, that is, when he was at home; but now it was evident His Majesty had concluded to take a walk. A loose board or two in one corner of the sty had perhaps suggested, and certainly aided, the project; and he was roaming at his own sweet will. Where?

"Never mind, Gracie," for baby was half inclined to cry because "poor piggie-wiggie was lost;" "don't fear, we'll hunt him up."

"Tom's very careless, I declare," he added to himself, as he turned towards the house, to leave his passenger, and get his gold-headed cane, when a frowsy-haired, sunburned, tossed-up-looking urchin rushed into the door-yard, panting and puffing like a steam-engine.

"Hulloa, there, Judge! Oh, I beg pardon, but it's your Peter is in our corn the day, and mother says will ye plaze get him out?

It's sorra to bother ye she is indade, but me'n Pat an' Mike, we've all chased an' druv him till we's bate out, and niver a step will he go outside at all at all, but jist rins to one side an' across to t'other, an' intil corners, an' when I thought I'd got him sure, he turned round on me an' jist rin right forninst me, he did, so suddent-like he pitched me over, an' down I rolled, — that little hill ye know, sir, — right intil the horse-brook! An' mother told me to ask ye plaze 'scuse the mud, sir, 'cause I could n't stop to put on me best clo'es, and the pig ating and tramping down like — like a wild baste."

The Judge's fat sides shook with laughter, at the picture of the triumphant Peter, and the discomfited Johnny rolling into the brook; but wiping his face with his red bandana, and giving the worsted party a pocketful of early sweetings to assuage his feelings, he promised to get Peter home and pay for his depredations.

The Judge was fat and heavy, and could n't hurry. But he had not far to go, and soon reached the corn-field, where, Pat and Mike having surrendered, Peter the Great stood "monarch of all he surveyed." To say he was not hungry, would n't begin to express the situation. He was still munching, however, though too full for comfort, as his frequent grunts testified. But oh! the destruction he had wrought, with his impish hoofs and saucy snout! The green stalks lay on the ground, broken and trampled, the soil pawed up, "holes here and holes dar," as Uncle Tiff would say; and for a moment his master felt angry.

But the Judge was a great man in this, that he had learned to rule himself; and keeping down his temper, he called in even tones, "Peter! Here, Peter! Come!"

Peter pricked up his ears, grunted, blinked his pink eyes lazily, and looked about him. The call was repeated. Putting his nose down close to the ground, whisking his short, stubby tail, he bounced along, his plump sides shaking like jelly, right up to his master. He stepped leisurely over the bars, which were let down, and waited by his side, puffing and grunting, while the Judge put them up again.

He stopped at Mrs. Mooney's door, paid her liberally, and with her thanks and blessings, pursued his way home, his gold-headed cane tapping the pavement, while Peter followed close behind.

"Land alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Wynne, as she stopped mid-way in closing her front blinds. "Such a sight I never did see! What on earth is Judge Grey thinking of, parading the street with that great pig after him!"

"Wife, look here," called old Mr. Macduff, from his easy-chair in the side-porch, as he laid down his newspaper, and pushed up his glasses on top of his head. Mrs. Macduff came, duster in hand, and looked over his shoulder, laughing till tears rolled down her face, as Peter waddled along, swaying this side and that, with little short grunts, his nose close to his master's boots.

"I declare," said old Mrs. Cornie, as the pair passed her cottage, "the Judge is mighty fond of pets, I always knew that, but I must say I think he carries it jest a leetle too fur. Now, I wouldn't hurt a crittur, no way, for nothin', but as to havin' a pig out to walk with me, good land!"

"Good-morning, Judge. Won't you ride?" asked Dr. Preston cordially, just turning the corner of the avenue, in his handsome buggy.

The Judge looked up with a twinkle in his eye.

"Thank you, Doctor. Should like to, but —"

"Ho, ho!" laughed Dr. Preston, now noticing Peter; "seems to me, Judge, you've taken up a new business. If you had your dog, now, he'd follow the carriage, but how is it with Peter? Have you trained him to that yet? No? Going to, I suppose. Well, I wish you success."

And the doctor drove off, his peals of laughter coming back on the breeze, but nowise disturbing his friend, who enjoyed a joke none the less for having it at his own expense.

Two old ladies, moving leisurely along on the sidewalk, gave a start and a little shriek, and crossed the street, with marked increase of motion.

Hens clucked wildly, and scampered out of the way. Cats, with bristling tails, ran across the road, and took refuge in trees or behind fences. Dogs barked at Peter; and one little bull-dog wanted to worry him, but a resolute word sent him about his own affairs.

Sammy Ryder, coming down the street from the village-grocery, was just in time to see the Judge drive off the dog. It was comical, — the fat Judge, brandishing his cane (not touching the dog, however); piggy pressing close to his master, with grunting indignation; the bull-dog, snarling, showing his teeth, making little dashes at piggy, and drawing back, his whole aspect saying as plainly as words, "I wish I dared! Oh, wouldn't I bite you!"

Sammy choked with suppressed merriment, and running as fast as he could, to get out of hearing, set down his basket and himself on the grass, and rolled over and over, roaring with laughter, while three or four of his playmates pressed around him with eager inquiries.

"I'll tell you, boys," said Sammy, sitting up, when he could get breath; "Judge Grey is out this blessed minute, taking a walk, and his pig with him! That great one, you know, he calls Peter; fact, he's following him just like a dog."

"'Twas the dog! You weren't near enough, and did n't see straight, greeney," was the not over-polite answer.

Sammy bristled, equal to Peter himself. "Reckon I know! What d'ye take me for? A born nidget?" (Idiot, he meant.) And then followed a graphic account of the tableau.

Meanwhile the Judge reached home, not unconscious of the looks and comments of his townspeople generally, but not disturbed in the least on account of it.

"Let them laugh," said he, in his easy good-nature. "Does them good, and don't hurt me. But, Peter, my boy, we'll see that your pen's mended before noon. You won't need any dinner to-day."

And so ended the wanderings of this second Peter the Great.

KEEP good company, or none.

GRATITUDE is the music of the heart when its chords are swept by kindness.

SALARY comes from the Latin word *salarium*, literally salt-money; from *sal*, salt, which was a part of the pay allowed to the Roman soldiers. Salt, it is well known, was highly esteemed and largely used by the Romans. After the days of Augustus the word *salarium* lost its specific meaning of salt-money, and was used in the general sense of our term *salary*, — to denote any annual or periodical payment for services. The expression, "to earn one's salt," seems to find a satisfactory explanation in the history of this word. — *Selected.*

For The Dayspring.

BIG ISLAND.

THE morning did not look auspicious for a picnic; still the clouds were not heavy, and it being a dry time the chances were against rain; so Dolly decided to go, and fixed herself in a most fantastic manner, proof against any kind of weather. How much trouble and anxiety might be saved if one would always dress appropriately for the occasion! To be sure one must put aside pride and carry a bold face, as Dolly's mother told her to do when she came downstairs with "Do I look fit to be seen?" Sarah Ann and her mother laughed; so did Dolly herself, as she caught a sight of her figure in the long mirror. "Go right along, my child," said Mrs. Graves, "I've seen people on the street who looked much worse than you do." This remark did not tend to help the case any; it kept tingling in her ears all the way to the office, where she found Dick and Bob impatiently waiting to escort her to the boat-house, where they were to meet the two uncles Ike, and Ben. "Why didn't you come sooner?" the boys both exclaimed.

"Waited to be sure about the weather," said Dolly, and then in an undertone said to Dick, "How do I look?" and was quite reassured by his hearty, boyish "First rate."

They were going to "Big Island," a few miles down the river, stopping at the smaller islands on the way in order to give the boys a chance to hunt birds' eggs for their cabinet collection. The rule had been made never to rob a nest of all its eggs, and the boys strictly kept it.

Many of the islands in the Mississippi River have been recently made. They are covered with a low growth of willows where many birds build their nests, the more

common varieties being the Blackbird, Pewee, and King-fisher. Turtles' eggs, however, were to be made the special object of this expedition. They are found by the hundred on the hot, sandy shores. The boys were too late for the birds' eggs, most of the nests being full of young ones, which Dick delighted in showing Dolly, who would cover her eyes with her hands, saying, "Oh, how horrid!" and boylike they took great interest in watching the distress of the old mother bird as she soared round and round in the air above their heads.

Dolly and Dick had been promised the row down stream, but the waves were very high, so that shower-baths were frequent; and finally Uncle Ben, who sat in the stern with little Bob, said if they would row along shore he and Bob would get out; which remark, with Bob's fright, soon changed the oars into more experienced hands and lifted the clouds—the very low ones—not a little, and quickly landed them at Big Island, near old "Camp Williams" of the year before.

Dinner was served in true picnic style, much to Uncle Ike's satisfaction, who does not approve of elaborate preparations on such occasions. Several low seats were converted into a table, which was covered with towels. Leaves and napkins served for dishes. The absence of silver, crockery, and cutlery helped to make it sociable, and set Uncle Ben to spinning long sailors' yarns, which fairly made the hair stand on end. "Pretty big fish stories," said Uncle Ike, enjoying the fun and declaring "he should stop eating strawberries—which formed the dessert—not that he couldn't eat more but because he was tired of eating." Bob looked triumphant over his two cups of coffee, which usually he was not allowed to have. Dolly, who had done the cutting and serving, said she had begun so

many times it would be hard to tell *when* she should get through. In the afternoon Dick went in swimming, while Uncle Ben and Bob caught a fine string of black bass, and Dolly and Uncle Ike gathered quantities of the great yellow water lilies.

The sound of low, rumbling thunder hurried them all to the boat and started them on their homeward way much earlier than they had intended. The river at this point is broad, the current very swift, and the wind always pretty brisk. As the clouds grew heavier and heavier all felt anxious to be off the water. Dolly, who was steering the boat, tried to grow brave as she watched the uncles "pull for the shore" with steady oars. Bob snuggled up to her saying, "You are *sure* you are not afraid, Doll?" But progress is slow against wind and tide, and the great drops of rain nearly blinded the rowers. Bob and the baskets were covered with the extra wraps. At last the lightning and thunder made Dolly's courage succumb. She screamed to "land, land anywhere," which was easier said than done, as the shore was lined with various kind of craft; with difficulty the boat was secured to a raft.

The party took refuge in a large stone house near by, where they were cared for by the kindest of German women, thus giving Dolly a chance to air her German, which she confessed was bad, but notwithstanding seemed to give great pleasure to their hostess, who could speak not a word of English. She treated them to good creamy milk and some of her hard nut-cake, and took great trouble to dry their soaked clothing. As our party waited for the rain to stop they were entertained by Capt. Boynton, who in his rubber suit had bravely started on his journey to St. Louis. He looked like a floating cask as he paddled along bobbing up and down in the

water. His little sail-boat, gayly decked with the American and German flags, followed him bearing a press reporter and his servant. It seemed very plucky to breast such a gale and no wager at stake. But to Capt. Boynton, who has crossed the English Channel and many other turbulent waters, the Mississippi must have seemed quite smooth sailing. It was long before the clouds cleared and allowed the party to once more start homeward. That evening, while relating the adventures of the day, they began to plan for another picnic which must come off before vacation was over.

E. M. G.

A COLONY OF BEAVERS.

It is stated in late London papers that an effort has lately been made to reinstate the beaver in Scotland. In a solitary pine wood near Rothesay, Isle of Bute, a space of ground on the property of the Marquis of Bute has been walled in so that the beavers cannot escape. Through this beavers' park runs a mountain stream. Left to themselves, the beavers have quite altered the appearance of this stream, for they have built no fewer than three dams across it; the lowest dam is the largest and most firmly constructed, as it would appear the beavers were fully aware that it would have to bear the greatest pressure of water. In order to form this dam, these intelligent little animals have supported the downstream surface of it with props of strong boughs, as artfully secured as though a human engineer had been employed at the work. Immediately above this dam the beavers have constructed their hut or home; this consists apparently of a large heap of drift-wood. Upon examination, however

it will be seen that the sticks have been placed with regularity and order, so that the general appearance of the beavers' home is not unlike a bird's nest upside down. The beaver gets into his house by means of passages, the entrance to these passages being always under water. The inside of the house is laid out into apartments and galleries, and the ground in the neighborhood of the house is excavated in all directions with the runs, holes, and galleries which the beavers have made for the purposes of safety or concealment. These clever four-footed carpenters have cut down with their sharp, chisel-like teeth many of the trees in their park. They gnaw a wedge-shaped gap into one side of the tree till it totters from its weight; they then go round to the other side of the tree, and gnaw the portion of wood which alone holds the upper portion of the tree upright. They somehow or other manage to make the tree fall where they want it to go. This is generally across the current of the stream. If the gnawed log is too heavy for transport, they will cut it into pieces and roll it along the ground. It is a mistaken idea to suppose that a beaver uses his tail-like a trowel. Pictures of beavers flattening down the mud forming the roofs of their huts are not uncommon in old natural history books. The beaver, however, never uses his tail as a trowel. It is of great use to him as a steering and propelling organ in his upward and downward movements. When alarmed, he will give the signal to his comrades by flapping the tail with a loud smack on the surface of the water. Lord Bute's beavers have bred in their beaverly, and there are now twelve known to be alive. These animals are very shy and retire into their holes at the slightest sound. Beside what vegetable food they pick up, they are fed principally with

willow boughs, the bark of which they strip off with the neatness of a basket-maker. — *Selected.*

HOE OUT YOUR ROW.

ONE day a lazy farmer's boy
Was hoeing out his corn,
And moodily had listened long
To hear the dinner-horn.
The welcome blast was heard at last,
And down he dropped his hoe;
But the good man shouted in his ear,
"My boy, hoe out your row."

Although a "hard one" was the row, —
To use a plowman's phrase, —
And the lad, as sailors have it,
Beginning well to "haze," —
"I can," said he; and manfully
He seized again his hoe;
And then the good man smiled to see
The boy "hoe out his row."

The lad the text remembered long,
And proved the moral well,
That perseverance to the end
At last will nobly tell.
Take courage, man! resolve you can,
And strike a vigorous blow;
In life's great field of varied toil,
Always "hoe out your row."
— *Well Spring.*

CANON FARRAR says: "He alone, by whom the hairs of our head are all numbered, can count the widows who are widows because of alcohol; the gray heads that it has made gray; the sad hearts that it has crushed with sadness; the ruined families that it has ruined; the brilliant minds which it has quenched; the unfolding promise which it has cankered; the bright and happy boys and girls whom it has blasted into misery; the young and the gifted whom it has hurried along into dishonored and nameless graves."

Puzzles.

ENIGMA.

I am a word of three letters and signify ill-health.
With the letter B, I am a handle.
With H, frozen rain.
With J, a prison.
With M, armor.
With N, part of the finger.
With P, a wooden vessel.
With S, a sheet of canvas.
With T, an appendage.
With V, a covering.
With W, a lamentation.

CHARADE.

I am a word of three syllables.
My first is a boy's name.
My second is an article.
My third is a large bird.
My whole is a weapon.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

EASY ACROSTIC.

1. Pear; 2. Orange; 3. Melon; 4. Olive; 5. Nectarine; 6. Apricot.

SQUARE WORD.

F L O R A
L A B O R
O B E S E
R O S I N
A R E N A

THE DAYSPRING,

(Rev George F. Piper, Editor),
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Unitarian Sunday-School Society,
7 TREMONT PLACE BOSTON.

TERMS. — Per annum, for a single copy . . 30 cents.
Four copies to one address . . \$1.00.

Postage, 2½ cents additional for each copy, per year.
PAYMENT INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.
Entered as Second-class Mail Matter.

University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.